

DON'T FORGET THE BABIES.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE TO

THE FREE DOCTOR FUND

NOW BEING RAISED  
BY THE EVENING WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## MAURICE FLYNN DEAD

He Breathed His Last at Long Branch  
Last Evening.

A Sufferer for Months with  
Cancer of the Stomach.

The Remarkable Career of a Poor Boy  
Who Became a New York Boss.

Maurice B. Flynn is dead. For several months he had been suffering from cancer of the stomach, but it was not generally known that he was suffering from an incurable disease.

Such, however, was the case, and at 7 o'clock last evening he passed away at Long Branch, where he had been staying with his family.



MAURICE B. FLYNN.

Mr. Flynn's malady was cancer of the stomach, and although the best medical talent had been brought to bear on his case it was unavailing.

Maurice Bennett Flynn's life was an eventful one and his rapid rise and progress in the business and political world were wonderful.

He was born in Malden, Columbia County, on Nov. 3, 1848. He was a sturdy, self-reliant young man and he had his father on the farm.

His first money he earned picking berries, selling them in the Malden and Chatham markets.

With the money made in this way he paid for a year's schooling in Troy.

In 1865 he came to New York and obtained employment in a grocery store in Williamsburg at a salary of \$10 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

He then moved to the city and became a bookkeeper with G. C. Hollister & Son, at a salary of \$25 a week.

# The Evening World

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1889.

POPULARITY INCREASING EVERY DAY.

No. of Copies of THE WORLD Printed During the First Six Months of 1888: 52,464,660. No. of "Wants" Printed in THE WORLD During the First Six Months of 1888: 330,624. No. of Copies of THE WORLD Printed During the First Six Months of 1889: 60,308,435. No. of "Wants" Printed in THE WORLD During the First Six Months of 1889: 359,323. WORLD "Wants" Produce Results.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## THAT "PIED FORM."

"The Evening World's" Sporting Extra  
Stopped by an Accident.

Why Thousands Failed to Get Their  
Favorite Paper.

Well, It Gave Our Contemporaries a  
Chance to Sell a Few Papers.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The tutelary genius who presides over newspapers evidently saw a chance to give our contemporaries the opportunity to sell a few papers last night at The Evening World's expense, so to speak, by depriving the people of their favorite paper for one evening, thus compelling them to buy others which lack the majority of essential points which has raised The Evening World to its present high position.

This is how it happened, that for the first



AN ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THE DISASTER.

time in its exceedingly active, though young life, THE EVENING WORLD did not send out its usual Sporting Extra.

The moment the last news was in and the type set, the forms were sent down stairs to be rushed into the stereotyping room.

One form, the sporting page of the paper, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

Here's where the tutelary genius cut in her work. She must have given an extra shove to the form as it whirled around a curve.

It had such an impetus that it jumped the track and fell plump on the floor.

Forty-two thousand eyes were "distributed" in the twinkling of an eye. There it lay, a mound of scattered type, with here and there a word holding together.

New York, July 10.—The Sporting Extra, which was being rushed down stairs, was hoisted to the carriage which ran on a track suspended from the ceiling in the cellar, and was hustled along briskly.

## HAGGIN AND DWYER

What Will the Californian Do About the  
Fouling Charges?

Horsemen Excited Over the Out-  
come of Dwyer's Accusation.

The Biggest Sensation that Turf Circles  
Have Seen in Years.

There is a sensation in horse-racing circles.

On the race track at Monmouth Park yesterday afternoon Mr. Phil Dwyer, newly accused Mr. J. B. Haggin in the presence of a number of gentlemen of running his colt Korn in the race for the Lorillard Stakes for the sole purpose of fouling other horses and thus securing the victory for his crack colt Sa vapor.

Mr. Dwyer was in a towering rage at the time, and trembling with excitement. His colt Korn had come in second.

His exact words to the California turfman were:

"Mr. Haggin, I believe that you put that colt Korn in this race so that he could foul other horses and let Sa vapor win."

This was said at the time when, where Mr. Dwyer was officiating as one of the time-keepers.

No more offensive language could be addressed by one gentleman to another, for the President of the Brooklyn Jockey Club equally accused one of the leading turfmen and horse owners of the country of the most dishonorable and unscrupulous conduct.

Without an instant's hesitation the girl sprang in the water after him. She could not swim and was weighed by her clothing, but she managed to reach her charge and with desperate efforts tried to reach the shore. While he did so she screamed for help.

Her cries were heard by Henry Stamford Brooks, Ya's hotel's amateur champion runner, and he at once went to her assistance. When he reached the scene he had disappeared under the water, but the little boy was struggling manfully to keep himself afloat.

Mr. Brooks was in a boat, and jumped overboard and got young Eldridge out in safety. The lad began to cry and shout: "Save mamma; she jumped in after me."

Mr. Brooks turned again to the water and saw the little face of the girl rise for a moment out of the water, only to disappear again instant.

He rushed to the spot, and dived repeatedly, but could not find her. There was a strong tide running out, and on a he caught a glimpse of her dress as she was being whirled away.

He dived repeatedly, but could find no trace of her after that.

Four hours later, as the river was rising, the body came floating in to the shore with the returning tide.

It was buried on Saturday in the cemetery at New Paltz. The girl had no relatives in this country. Mr. Eldridge intends to have a marble monument erected to mark the spot where her body was buried.

What will Mr. Haggin do about it?

There are some of the questions that are being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

## DIED TO SAVE HER CHARGE.

A BRAVE GIRL'S NOBLE RESCUE AND  
TRAGIC DEATH.

Although She Could Not Swim She Sprang  
Into the Water to Save the Boy and  
Managed to Hold His Head Above Water  
Until Assistance Came—Then She Sank  
Out of Sight and Was Drowned.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

MIDDELTOWN, N. Y., July 10.—Full particulars of the drowning of Miss Ottalie Lang, the brave young nurse who sacrificed her life to save that of the boy she had in charge, and now there is nothing else talked of. Miss Lang was employed by Mr. Eldridge, who arrived at the old-fashioned hotel in the Shawangunk Mountains two weeks ago.

He came from New York and brought his family and servants with him.

Seven-year-old Frank Eldridge was the special charge of Miss Lang. She was in the habit of taking him to the beach every afternoon, and she took him out as usual about 4 p. m. last Friday.

The boy began fishing, while the girl read a book seated on the fallen trunk of an old elm tree.

Looking up suddenly she missed the boy. A second later she saw him gasping and struggling in the water. He had slipped off the log from which he had been fishing and was drowning.

Without an instant's hesitation the girl sprang in the water after him. She could not swim and was weighed by her clothing, but she managed to reach her charge and with desperate efforts tried to reach the shore. While he did so she screamed for help.

Her cries were heard by Henry Stamford Brooks, Ya's hotel's amateur champion runner, and he at once went to her assistance. When he reached the scene he had disappeared under the water, but the little boy was struggling manfully to keep himself afloat.

Mr. Brooks was in a boat, and jumped overboard and got young Eldridge out in safety. The lad began to cry and shout: "Save mamma; she jumped in after me."

Mr. Brooks turned again to the water and saw the little face of the girl rise for a moment out of the water, only to disappear again instant.

He rushed to the spot, and dived repeatedly, but could not find her. There was a strong tide running out, and on a he caught a glimpse of her dress as she was being whirled away.

He dived repeatedly, but could find no trace of her after that.

Four hours later, as the river was rising, the body came floating in to the shore with the returning tide.

It was buried on Saturday in the cemetery at New Paltz. The girl had no relatives in this country. Mr. Eldridge intends to have a marble monument erected to mark the spot where her body was buried.

What will Mr. Haggin do about it?

There are some of the questions that are being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."

How does it happen that Korn's owner, Mr. Haggin, should be accused of such a charge? It is a question that is being asked on every side this morning, and they are not so easy to answer.

It is generally held that there are two clearly defined sides to the question, and how it will all end nobody can predict.

Mr. Haggin declines to make any statement. "I do not know what I have done," he says. "No doubt Mr. Dwyer was excited by losing the race, and he said what he did. In fact, all the stir over this case is due to the fact that Mr. Dwyer, whose horse was beaten by Sa vapor, thought that he had been cheated."